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To each Gentleman Soldier in the Company of Captain Edward Jenkins, *Captain in the* Orange *Regiment of Trained Bands of the City of* LONDON.

WHen ancient *Rome* gain'd the whole Worlds Applauſe,
And gave to Arts and Arms the gen'ral Laws,
Her *Citizens* ſtill bore the greateſt ſhare,
And were the Strength and Sinews of the War:
So our *AUGUSTA*, with her Martial Band,
Does in the Gap of Honour always ſtand;
From her Brave Sons each Science does increaſe;
Valiant in War, as Vigilant in Peace.

But above all, the *ORANGE* bears the ſway!
When ſhe her Gallant Enſigns does Diſplay,
The wond'ring Crowd to ſee the Heroes throng,
And praiſe and bleſs them as they March along.
Each ſprightly Youth who is a glad Beholder,
Seems Man, and ſtraight deſires to be a Soldier.

My *Captain*'s Praiſe I'd gratefully expreſs,
Cou'd I in proper terms my ſelf addreſs.
Great is my Zeal, but my Performance weak;
I may admire, but ne're his Worth can ſpeak.
In fine your Foes muſt all be fill'd with dread,
When ſuch *Commanders* does ſuch *Soldiers* Lead.

Go on, Brave Souls! be Generous and Great;
Guard you the City, *as That Guards the* State.
Support her Faith *and* Faith Defender's *Reign:*
And may Great ORANGE *long Our Rights maintain.*

Your Truſty Marſhal,

Job Davis.